

## COST OF RAISING COTTON.

### CHEAP MONEY NEEDED TO MAKE CHEAP COTTON.

Capt. Paul F. Hammond Gives some Interesting Facts about the Cost of Growing Cotton—Debt and Extravagant Living the Cause of the Farmer's Poverty.

COLUMBIA, S. C., November 22.—Capt. Paul F. Hammond, of Beech Island, Aiken county, has contributed a most interesting and valuable article to the annual report of the commissioners of agriculture of this State, regarding the cost of producing cotton in South Carolina. Capt. Hammond says that 4 cents a pound seems a very low figure at which to place the actual cost of making cotton, and yet while it costs many planters 8 cents, some 10 cents, and not a very few even 12 cents, the fact stands as a fact within his own knowledge, that it has been made for less than four cents, and he claims that it can be demonstrated by figures that on finer land, with judicious and economical methods, industriously pursued, it can be made, and should be made, at four cents, three cents, and even less than three cents per pound. "Even then," Capt. Hammond continues, "selling his crop at an average of seven and a half cents net, there is no great income left to the producer of thirty, fifty, or even a hundred bales of cotton."

He then submits a detailed estimate of the cost of making cotton per acre, showing the net cash expenses to be about \$7. If the product was 540 pounds of seed cotton, or 180 pounds of lint, the cost would be 3.88 cents per pound; where it was 200 pounds lint, 3.4 cents, and where it was 250 pounds, 2.4 cents a pound.

Capt. Hammond continues: "The planter who makes cotton at a cost of three cents and sells it for eight cents, ought not certainly to complain of the percentage of profit upon his expenses. So, too, as a rule, the per cent. of profit, on the total investment in land, mules, machinery, implements, &c., will be found one which business men are accustomed to regard as large. Property is so extremely low that a planter making an average crop of 100 bales will not need to have invested more than \$12,000 to \$13,000—\$10,000 in land and buildings, and \$3,000 in stock, supplies, machinery, &c."

"If, then, he be a good planter, on moderately fair land, for none is really good land which will not bring 300 pounds of lint cotton, when matured, he will make from \$20 to \$25 a bale, and his income will be from \$2,000 to \$2,500—a very fair return from his capital." "What, then," he asks, "is the matter?" Why is there so much complaint? Are not the cotton planters fast sinking into a condition of almost hopeless poverty? "I might answer," he says, "that the whole world is growing poorer. The business depression everywhere is marvellous, unprecedented, and agriculture among the worst sufferers, as always is. The great Northwest cannot stand wheat at 80 cents. Three-fourths of the farms are mortgaged to their full value, and their nominal owners and tenants can only endure their miserable lives because they were reared in the poverty of the Old World. For some years it has been known that in every county in England scores of rich farms are lying tenantless and unworked; and now we have the statement on good authority that rent on the average is not more than 15s. an acre, and of this 15s. 10s. is required to pay interest on the investment in buildings which the landlord has made, leaving the mere pittance of 5s. (\$1.25) to represent the rental of land which makes from twenty to fifty bushels of wheat. Why, in the cotton-growing section of the South, where it is healthy for a white family to live, land rents for from two dollars to ten dollars per acre."

Capt. Hammond then discussed the different modes of living in the North and West and in the South, and thinks that one of the causes of poverty in the South is extravagant living, but the real cause is debt and an outrageous rate of interest. "If," says he, "the manufacturers want cheap cotton they must give us cheap money."

"But there can be no interest without debt, and the South is deeply in debt. Neither for this is her agriculture or her planters so much to blame. What people or what business, except on the bear side of Wall street, ever prospered or could prosper with a market falling, falling, falling through twenty years? At the close of the war cotton was worth forty cents, and it fell, little by little, steadily for twenty years, until it has come down to eight cents and the cotton planters are impoverished. If at that time cotton had been eight cents the difficulties to be encountered would for a time have been terrific; but if it had then risen steadily, year by year, through twenty years, until the price reached forty cents, the Southern planters would have been rich—rich, prosperous and as happy as money could make them. In 1843 cotton was six cents; negroes sold for \$250, and the planters were poor. By 1860 cotton sold for 12 cents per pound and negroes for \$1,000, and therein lay the secret of the great wealth of the cotton planters. It was not the money they made; the percentage upon capital invested is greater now. It was not money saved out of incomes which were larger than they could spend. By no means. It was by the gradual, and in the end very great, increase in the value of their investments—about the only way men in numbers ever get rich honestly."

Capt. Hammond then says: "While I have contended that the profits of cotton planting are in one sense large, and that agriculture is a more lucrative business at the South than either in the North or West, or in Great Britain, I am very far from saying that the planter can grow rich, or even hold his own, at present prices. He may grow cotton for 3 cents and sell it for 8 cents, thus realizing over 100 per cent. on the cost of making, and not far from 20 per cent. on the value of his entire investment, yet even \$25 a bale is too small a profit either to make him rich or the country prosperous. Let us take the case of a planter who makes

one hundred bales and see what becomes of his income. Cotton cannot now be grown in large quantities by one man, for the all-sufficient reason that few men have the ability to manage the large amount of labor and numerous other operations required. What one man can see after is usually the limit of what he can produce profitably. I shall not exceed the truth when I say that the planter with \$15,000 invested, including his dwelling and all the appurtenances thereto, owes \$5,000 and pays \$500 interest on it. He will need advances of \$1,500, at an average of six months; to make his crop, and the interest on that is \$75. He will also need \$1,500 to live upon, supposing a family of five, the usual number. Five years ago his family expenses would have been \$3,000. That must be got from his factor, or, worse, by keeping open accounts with merchants. This adds \$75 and taxes \$100 more. Thus we have:

Interest on debts.....	\$ 500
Interest on advances....	75
Taxes.....	100
Expense of living.....	1,500
Overseer or headman.....	250
Total.....	\$2,500

I have put in overseer or foreman, because such a character really exists on nine-tenths of ten where as much cotton as one hundred bales is made, and I did not estimate in the cost of cotton, because he need not be, and ought not to be, where the proprietor is able to attend to his business.

Although I have made this estimate in a way very favorable to the planter, it will be seen that there is nothing left out of an income of \$2,500, and a profit of \$25 a bale.

Who will give us any remedies? Who will pay our debts? or lend us money at 5 per cent. instead of 10? or teach economy any faster than necessity? We are all looking for better things when trade revives; but when will that be? Our revival will never come until we can get a profit of \$40 a bale instead of \$25 out of cotton. I have mentioned three great evils under which we labor. They are incontrovertible. But most certainly I have not mentioned the greatest of all, and that is we make too much cotton. So long as we make a million bales more than the world wants at 10 cents, we will get 10 cents for none. We live by cotton; it is our life-blood. The control of the market is to us of the very greatest value; financially worth everything else besides. But how reduce the crop? By a combination of cotton-growers? That is impossible. Providence has protected us in some measure."

Capt. Hammond thinks there is but one remedy for the trouble, and this he thinks no politician living will dare propose, and those that are dead would tremble in their graves at the thought. It is concurrent legislation among the larger Cotton States, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, limiting the planting of cotton so as to bring the crop within 4,500,000 bales for three years at least. He admits that legislation of this character in England has been disastrous, almost without an exception, but three years trial here, attended with little or no risk, would demonstrate its wisdom.

In conclusion, Capt. Hammond shows that if the Mason Cotton Harvester is a success the great West will flood the markets of the world with cotton, which cost to make less than one-half cent per pound, or \$2.40 a bale, and says: "This is no chimera or picture of the fancy, but its day may be so near that men now old will live to see it. Then poor old South Carolina, robbed of the profits of her rice culture by Louisiana, and of her sea island cotton by Florida and other States along with her, may have written over the ruins of their once brilliant systems of agriculture, finis."—"Richland" in the Augusta Chronicle.

### An Ingenious Invention.

An automatic box is being put upon the lamp posts in Brooklyn to supply the public with postage stamps, postal cards, a pencil and postal-letter envelopes. At any hour of the day or night a citizen may go to one of these boxes and drop a penny into it at which there will appear a postal card and a pencil with which to write a letter. If he has a letter already written and merely wants a postage stamp to mail it he may drop two pennies in the box at which, presto, a two-cent postage stamp will come out of the box. These convenient boxes are already in use in London and are much liked there. The boxes in Brooklyn are an improvement on those in London. They look like writing desks and are 75 inches high by 17 inches deep. Each box is divided into several drawers—one for stamps, one for postal cards, one for stamped envelopes and one for letter paper. There is a slit for dropping a coin over each drawer. When the proper coin drops in it sets in motion a bit of machinery which pushes out the article wanted.

### At Last.

There is a little romance connected with the marriage of Dr. G. M. Jones and Mrs. Mary Moore, which is announced this week. They had a courtship in their younger days long before the war, but afterwards drifted apart and each one married. After they both became widowed the old flame was revived and culminated in marriage last Sunday. A similar romance was connected with Dr. Jones' sister, Mrs. Magill, and Mr. G. L. Brown, who were married at this place two weeks ago. The young folks are becoming so practical in this utilitarian age that it falls to the lot of the old folks to rekindle and keep up the fires of romance.—Anderson Journal.

### A Foolish Story.

Some of the colored people in this city are excited by the story that a gang of white men is prowling around throwing bags over the heads of colored citizens, killing them out of hand and shipping their remains to Atlanta to be used for the advancement of medical science.—Greenville News.

This paper only \$1.50 per annum.

## ROLLING CLOUDS OF FIRE.

### NARROW ESCAPE OF EARLY BRANCH AND FLORENCE.

The Dry Grass Spread Fire all over the Woods in a Blaze from Sumter to the Five-Mile Curve—Brave Conduct of Men, Women and Children.

A correspondent from Early Branch writing to the News and Courier under date December 1, gives the following account of the forest fires in that section: At 11 o'clock yesterday morning our village was fiercely assailed by forest fires from the adjoining woods. We then thought that nothing but a Providential veering of the wind could save the town from entire and speedy destruction. The wind did not change, as we eagerly hoped it might; the fire swept down upon us with savage fury, closed in upon every home, surged around us everywhere, from several directions at once, in desperate efforts to accomplish our destruction. We were surrounded here, for several miles in every direction, by almost unbroken pine forests. The ground is covered almost everywhere to the height of several feet with a thick-set coat of sedge, wire grass and other lowland growths. After frosts this growth dies, becomes dry and is very combustible, so that in times of drought at this season of the year it is a constant and well-recognized source of danger. Yesterday, in addition to the drought, a gale of wind was blowing from the southwest, fortunately, however, with an occasional brief lull. Ominous clouds of smoke were seen in the early morning, but at first it appeared that the track of the conflagration would be to the west of the town, hence there was little apprehension. It seemed, however, that far into the backwoods the fire was steadily obliquely beating against the wind, widening its track as it went until it acquired compass enough to envelope us in its dreadful progress. The scene as the fire bore down on the Methodist parsonage across an abandoned field two hundred yards wide, covered with tall weeds, was surpassingly grand, but dreadful enough to strike dismay to the stoutest hearts. The flames rolled swiftly on in unbroken waves, leaping, curling and dancing in the air to the height of eight or ten feet. Its incessant crackle was like the firing of infantry in battle, and its deafening roar was like that of the cyclone in its fury. Yet brave men stood in its front, massed their small force directly in line of approach to the buildings and sought to arrest the awful tide at a narrow intervening roadway. They succeeded for a moment, but in the instant of local success a column of flames makes for the heart of the town in another direction. Forces already too small must be divided. We are speedily flanked on both sides, and now it is evident that the whole town is to be enveloped in flames. How we were saved at last God only knows. It would require a volume almost to narrate the exciting situations, heroic achievements and fortunate escapes witnessed at every homestead. The women behaved with most exemplary courage and zeal, several arising from beds of sickness to aid in the great work. The children caught the spirit of their elders and worked with boldness and ardor. Too much praise cannot be given to the colored people for their prompt and most hearty aid. The only losses sustained besides fencing are an unused sawmill shed, two unoccupied cabins, several flat-cars on the side track and a lot of cord wood. The railroad roadbed was so injured as to delay trains for several hours.

From the News and Courier of last Thursday, we clip the following: The passengers on the Columbia special train of the Atlantic Coast Line which reached Charleston at 9.10 last night, had an opportunity of witnessing forest fire of rare extent and brilliancy. The woods were on fire almost continuously from Sumter to within five miles of Charleston, a distance of ninety miles. The grandest display of the accidental fireworks was in the section of country lying along the Northeastern Railroad between St. Stephen's depot and the Five-mile curve near Charleston. In many places on both sides of the track, the line of fire was unbroken for miles, and in other places the fire approached so near the track on either side that the train literally ran between walls of flame and through clouds of blinding and asphyxiating smoke. At such places the effect of the super-heated and fire-laden atmosphere was sensibly felt by the passengers through the thick plate-glass of the car windows. The fire was fiercely swept on by a stiff breeze from the Northwest, and at some points leaped across the roadway and caught the crossings. The whole heavens were lighted up with the reflection from the lurid blaze from the dry, combustible foliage and from the trunks of the forest giants that had been "boxed" for turpentine. Some of these trees resembled pillars of flame in motion as the train rushed by with the speed of a lightning express. The woods on fire in South Carolina is a serious occurrence. At Monck's Corner it was reported that several plantation houses had been burned down with all their farm attachments. At Stoney Landing it was only by the utmost exertion that the works were saved, the loss at that place having been confined to the destruction of about one hundred cords of wood. Several wood piles and wood racks along the track were in a blaze last night, and the loss in this respect may be still more serious. The people all along the line of road were endeavoring to check the hurricane of flame and protect their fences and dwelling houses. The accidental landscape was Danteque to a realistic degree, and furnished the passengers with sights and scenes equally difficult to describe or forget.

A correspondent writing from Florence under date of December 1 to the same paper says: Considerable excitement prevailed here yesterday, caused by what seemed for a while the chances of losing a large portion of our town by fire. During the prevalence of half a gale of wind, that blew nearly the en-

tire day, fire broke out in the woods on the western side of the town, and the wind, which was blowing fiercely from that direction, soon brought the flames roaring down on the town. The woods on the other side of the town approach very close to the dwellings, and the many vacant lots on the edge had grown up in broom-grass, offering the most inflammable fuel. The fire department were promptly summoned out, and, with the aid of the many willing hands around, managed to subdue the flames, though not before they had penetrated far into the town. Providentially, the town escaped without any damage, except such as weak nerves sustained.

### Killed Himself for Love.

DISVILLE, KY., December 1.—George White shot himself through the heart to-day. He had been in love with Miss Minnie Lyons for some time and had been engaged to her. Several days ago she discarded him, giving as a reason that she loved and would marry a man by the name of Charles Jones. Since her declaration White gave up all work and devoted his time in trying to woo back his fickle sweetheart, but in this he failed. He passed yesterday with the girl, repeatedly telling her that unless she consented to marry him he would kill himself, but as she had made these threats before, she paid no attention to them. Shortly before 8 o'clock this morning he asked her for a final answer, and when she again declined he left the house and went to an alley in the rear. The girl, fearing he was about to do something rash, followed him. "You won't marry me?" he asked. "I can't, George; I don't love you," she replied. White whipped out his pistol, and as the girl rushed toward him he pushed her back, placed the weapon to his heart and pulled trigger. Without a word he fell back into a pool of water. He was picked up and carried into the house, but before a physician could reach him he was dead.

### Meeting of Three Brothers.

The Lenoir (N. C.) Topic says: "At the battle of Gettysburg, in 1863, three brothers, named Avery Kirby, Milas Kirby and Nelson Kirby, parted on the battle field. All of the brothers left Caldwell County as volunteers in Company A, Twenty-Second North Carolina Regiment, and all fought through the war on the Confederate side, receiving many wounds on the battlefield. On Saturday the three brothers met in Lenoir for the first time since their parting amid the smoke and roar of battle on the field of Gettysburg. Avery now lives in Indiana, Milas in Bristol, Tenn., and Nelson on King's Creek, Caldwell County, at which place his brothers are now residing. The brothers came to the war without a cent of money, and a lot of land, but are now all property holders and excellent citizens."

### A Colored Reformer.

We have received a communication from a respectable colored man of Bethel, in this county, making an argument in favor of reestablishing the whipping post as a punishment for petty offences, instead of the present mode of punishment in the county jail or the penitentiary. The communication is lengthy and presents no new arguments, for which reason we do not print it; though emanating from a colored citizen it is an indication of a growing change in the sentiment of the very people for whose "protection" the Federal authorities, in the reconstruction period, demanded the obliteration of the "relic of barbarism."—Yorkville Enquirer.

### Charleston Filled with Smoke.

CHARLESTON, December 2.—Charleston is filled with smoke from the forest fires in the surrounding country. The telegraph wires are down on the line of the Northeastern road, and the full extent of the damage is not known. The village of Pineopolis, in Berkeley county, narrowly escaped destruction. Mrs. Kate Porcher's dwelling house and a number of barns and farm houses were burned. The fires are said to be generally under control, having burned out their fuel. Large bodies of turpentine woods have been destroyed, and the loss will necessarily be heavy.

### A Neat Swindle.

The neatest swindle of the day has just been executed in the city of Mexico. A man named Mayer appeared there claiming to be the agent of Manager Abbey, of New York, and presenting credentials which seemed to be all right. He proceeded to arrange for a five nights season for Patti, advertised it freely and put tickets on sale at three times the usual prices—\$50 for boxes and \$6 for seats each night. The Mexicans went wild over it and \$25,000 worth of tickets were sold. Mayer took \$20,000, leaving \$5,000 in silver which he could not conveniently carry, and skipped by the light of the moon.

### A Good Reason.

A man named Dick Townsend, an alleged murderer, was wanted in Florida, and Governor Perry, understanding that he was in Georgia, demanded his surrender from Gov. McDaniel. His demand not having been complied with because Townsend could not be found, the demand was renewed when General Gordon became governor. The matter was inquired into by the new governor, and a reply was received from the sheriff of Lowndes county that he did not know where Townsend was, but he recalled the fact that he had hanged him some months before the governor's inquiry was received.

### Too Sacreligious.

We see it announced that there is shortly to be given a grand ball in Charleston, S. C., to be called "The Earthquake." It will strike many people that, while it is well enough for the young people to dance, it is a manifestation of a want of reverence for and fear of the Almighty to call their dance an "Earthquake Hop." Let them dance if they want to, but let them not forget their impotency when God is present in the earthquake.—Raleigh Chronicle.

In an affray in Pitt County, N. C., between Thomas Smith and John Dennis, the latter shot and killed the former.

### A WIDE-EXTENDED SNOW.

It Spreads Itself Over the Entire Country, South as Well as North.

NINETY-SIX, December 6.—Snow six inches deep and it is still snowing. The largest snow we have had in years.

MOUNT HOLLY, December 6.—The signal service observer at this place reports five inches of snow on the ground at 2 P. M., with indications of another fall.

RATEWAY, N. J., December 6.—Peter Laing, colored, was found frozen to death in his house next to the Milton mills, in this city, on Saturday morning. He was 60 years old and a cousin to Thomas Kelly, a wealthy colored citizen of this city.

NEW YORK, December 6.—Snow began falling in this city this morning and continued with few breaks all day. The storm was accompanied by severe winds. The street car lines have been forced to double up. No serious delay is reported from the railways.

WALHALLA, December 6.—After the snow storm of Saturday morning a light rain and sleet set in, and continued until late Sunday night, when it terminated in a fall of light, flaky snow, nine inches deep on the top of the frozen snow of the day before. This afternoon it is thawing slowly.

RICAMOND, VA., December 6.—Almost continuous snow, hail and rain since Saturday morning have made the present storm one of the severest experienced for years. To-night at 6 o'clock the snow took a fresh start, falling thick and fast, and appearances are favorable for several inches more.

ABBEVILLE, December 6.—It has been snowing and sleeting with slight intermission since Friday night, and it is now four to five inches deep. The sun seem to be coming out. This is a sadness, but so few people are here that but few if any sales will take place. It has been bitter cold, but is moderating now.

SOCIETY HILL, December 6.—We are having regular Arctic weather here. Snow commenced to fall on Saturday at 7 A. M. and has continued to fall at intervals since. Business is seriously interfered with. The county roads are almost impassable. Trains on the Cheraw and Darlington Railroad, however, are making fair time.

MIDWAY, December 7.—We are covered with a beautiful white mantle of snow this morning, and at this writing it continues to snow. The most that falls on the ground melts, but that on houses, railroad platform, &c., remains, as it is cold enough to freeze. Some little amusement in the art of snow-balling is practiced by the lovers of the sport.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., December 6.—Snow has fallen to the depth of twenty-six inches and is still falling. Traffic and travel of all kinds is suspended. The weight of snow crushed in the roof of the Asheville Tobacco Works and a large stock of smoking tobacco was ruined. The loss is heavy. The old Shelton Factory, with a large stock of tobacco stored in it, was crushed to the ground, also the wholesale provision house of Dickson & Watson.

CHICAGO, December 6.—A special from Chattanooga, Tenn., says: The roof of the stockhouse of the Dayton Coal and Furnace Company caved in late on Saturday night on account of the heavy fall of snow. The building is near two hundred feet square, and more than half of the roof caved in. Usually there are about one hundred men in the house, but at the time of the collapse only the foreman, named Kerner, and half a dozen negroes were at work. They were all badly injured and two of the negroes will die. Kerner was also fatally injured.

SPARTANBURG, December 6.—Since mid-night Friday it has been snowing, sleeting or raining, and to-day at 12 o'clock the snow is falling with no sign of clearing off. The depth of the compact mass in the open fields is 6 to 8 inches. First we had four inches of snow. This was followed by frozen rain and sleet, which was driven into the snow and made a pretty compact mass. Then yesterday evening we had rain that made it more compact. During the night it snowed about three or four inches over this and here we are, early in December, about as much snow bound as we have been since the famous snows of January, 1856.

BAMBERG, December 6.—We have had very severe weather since Friday night, at which time it commenced sleeting. Since then it has sleeted, snowed and rained at intervals, and this morning we are having a heavy snow storm, such as is rarely seen in this country. The trees are loaded to their utmost capacity with icy burdens, and many are giving way under their tremendous strain and came crashing to the ground. Many valuable shade trees and forests will be injured, as well as the few vegetables still in gardens. It is thought that the oat crop is as yet but little injured, as the earth has not been frozen to any considerable depth.

### Embezzler Jackson Pardoned.

ATLANTA, GA., December 4.—Major George H. Jackson has been pardoned at last. Jackson was President of the Enterprise Cotton Factory in Augusta, where he stood at the head of society as well as commerce. The discovery of a big default led to an examination of his books, which developed the fact that they had been doctored for years. The amount of the defalcation was placed by some as high as \$250,000, but he was convicted of the embezzlement of sums to the amount of about \$117,000. Numerous petitions from those who had been associated with him in business and society induced the Governor to pardon him.

### New Public Building for Charleston.

WASHINGTON, December 7.—The bill introduced by Senator Butler for the erection of a public building at Charleston, S. C., provides that it shall be for the accommodation of the postoffice and the United States Courts and that the cost of the site shall not exceed \$100,000 and the cost of the building \$400,000.

"The Beautiful Snow" be blamed is what we say, after this week's experience.

## CLUVERIUS WILL HANG.

GOV. LEE REFUSES TO EXERCISE EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

The Sentence Pronounced by the Court of Hastings and Affirmed by Virginia's Highest Court Must not be Set Aside or Commuted.

RICHMOND, Dec. 7.—Gov. Lee to-day sent a letter to the counsel of Cluverius, who is now under sentence of death for the murder of Fannie L. Madison, in which he says that he has given to the statements, and to all papers and petitions presented for Executive clemency in behalf of the prisoner, the careful consideration which their importance demanded. The Governor then adds: "The prisoner came from the judicial to the executive department of the government, marked guilty by the judges and jury."

Starting at that point therefore, I have been diligently studying the record, while industriously seeking information and evidence from all other sources, which might conclusively prove to my mind that the verdict of the court was an error and that, therefore the sentence pronounced by the Court of Hastings, and affirmed by Virginia's highest court, must not be set aside or commuted.

With an earnest desire to faithfully execute without fear or favor the laws of the State, impartially to all, with the most profound sympathy for those upon whose hearts this blow must fall, with a clear conscience that I am discharging my duty to the people of my State as God has given me strength to see it, I now write you to inform you that I have not been able to reach a different conclusion from the courts, and therefore, the case of Thomas J. Cluverius is not one in my opinion to call for executive interference, either by the exercise of pardoning power or by commutation of sentence."

The Governor's decision was conveyed to the jail by Judge W. W. Crump, senior counsel, and his son, Beverly T. Crump, who acquainted the prisoner with it. Cluverius stood the ordeal with the same fortitude which has generally characterized his conduct since his arrest, and during his trial. After his counsel left him, however, it was plainly apparent that the awful news he had heard had a marked effect, and that it was as much as he could do to maintain his wonted composure.

Shortly after the counsel left the cell several reporters visited the jail and made an effort to see the prisoner, but when informed of their object, by the "death watch" Cluverius said, "I do not want to see anybody." He was seated in an arm chair with his elbows on his knees and his chin buried in his hands. Seeing the reporters at the door of his cell he changed his position and endeavored to appear calm and collected, but it was evident that the blow had struck home. The counsel presented a petition for respite to the Governor this evening. No time was named, as that is left to the Governor's discretion. It is the general impression that a respite of thirty days will be granted.

### A New England Mystery.

New England has been excited over the Wilson-Moen mystery, a suit revealing the fact that Levi Wilson, an illiterate and uncouth hostler, had for years exercised some mysterious power over Moen and bled him to the extent of more than \$200,000. The suit was on a note given by Moen to Wilson for \$40,000. Both parties went on the witness stand but neither revealed the secret. A few days ago Wilson gratified public curiosity with a revelation that he was Moen's son, born two or three months after his marriage and that to conceal the disgrace of his wife and himself Moen had given him to a blacksmith named Wilson to adopt and raise as his child. Since the statement was made the records have been examined and they prove that Wilson was born eleven months after Mrs. Moen—who he claims was his mother and who seems to have been a woman of the highest character—died. New England is, therefore, all adrift again, but opinion is settling on the theory that Wilson acquired his power by pretending to have evidence to prove a son of Moen's guilty of a dreadful crime.

### Fell Sixty Feet.

A young man by the name of Farmer was killed at Thicketty Trestle, five miles below Gaffney City, S. C., on Thursday night. Mr. Farmer, who lived at Clifton, had gone to Grover during the early morning and purchased two jugs of liquor. It is supposed that he became intoxicated. On his return, when the train was passing Thicketty Trestle, he mistook the slacking of the train, while crossing the trestle, for the slacking for the station, and stepped off the trestle, falling a distance of sixty feet. His body was found Friday morning when the hands went to their work on the trestle, one. His remains were sent to Rockingham, as we learn he was from that place.—Charlotte Chronicle.

### Murder in York County.

One of the most brutal murders in that part of the country was committed at Hoodtown, York county, S. C., about 15 miles from Black's on Tuesday. Three negroes had stolen some cotton, and were discovered by a ten year old son of Mr. William Good, a respected farmer of the vicinity. The wretches at once set upon the boy, stoned and beat him until he was unconscious, and then partly concealed the body. The boy's mother, becoming alarmed at his absence, went out to look for him. In a short time he was discovered, and a physician summoned, but he died in a short time. Three negroes were arrested on suspicion, on Wednesday, and carried to jail at Yorkville. Great indignation is expressed in the neighborhood, and it is thought the negroes will be lynched.

The paragraphic slurs about boarding house chickens should cease. Old age should always command respect. Ridding spring chickens is akin to making fun of your grandmother.